

PAY DAY IN THE GERMAN ARMY



These paymasters of the German army have arrived in a town in Galicia and halted in front of a castle where the soldiers will receive their pay. Statistics show the Kaiser's men send back home from the front every month between sixty and seventy million marks.

TOOK A FEARFUL JUMP



Mounted on a horse, "Art" Davis, appearing in the film version of "Carmen," rode off a precipice 83 feet high into Au Sable chasm in the Adirondacks. The wild leap terminated in a pool of water dotted by sharp crags of rock. Both horse and rider struck the water together, turned two complete somersaults, and one of the five cameramen assigned to cover the daring scene fainted as horse and rider fell. Davis received a broken leg and many bruises and lacerations. The horse was uninjured and swam ashore.

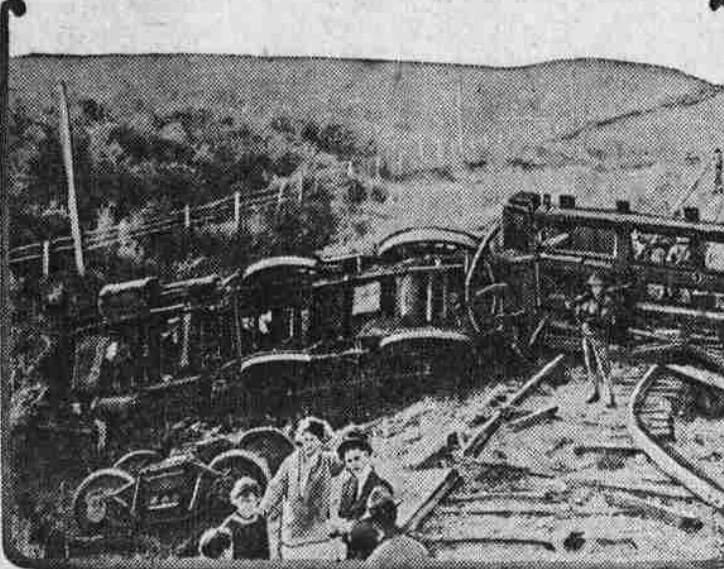
Inexorable Order.
Numberless are the stories told of George Washington. Upon one occasion, while the American army was in camp, Washington heard that the negro sentries were not altogether reliable. He determined to test the matter for himself. One night, therefore, when the password was "Cambridge," the general went out and walked up to a negro sentry.
"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel.
"A friend," was the reply.
"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."
"Roxburgh," said Washington.
"No, sah," replied the soldier.
"Medford," said Washington.
"No, sah," was the response.
"Charleston," said Washington.
The sentry lost patience. "I tell you, Massa Washington," he said emphatically, "no man can go by here without he say 'Cambridge.'"

Saving Something.
The sunshine had suddenly given way to a perfect storm of rain.
"What a terrible downpour!" sighed a girl to her male escort.
"Yes," replied the man, "and I am afraid that my umbrella is hardly large enough to cover all your picture hat."
"What a shame," mourned the girl; "but, anyway, see what you can do for the pink plush rose!"

Line Drawn There.
Joy Rider (stopped by rural constable)—"Haven't we got any rights left in this country? Doesn't the Constitution guarantee us life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" Constable—"It don't guarantee no man the pursuit of happiness at 90 miles an hour."
—Judge.

Daily Thought.
After all, it is not what is around us, but what is in us; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy.—Gedke.

WRECKED BY MEXICAN BANDITS



On the day that Carranza was recognized as president of Mexico by the United States and the Latin-American republics, Mexican bandits derailed a train near Brownsville, Tex., and robbed the passengers, murdering several who resisted. Among the dead and wounded were United States soldiers. The picture shows the wrecked train and United States soldiers on guard.

ARCHDUKE'S VILLA BOMBARDED



The villa of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, near Carso in the Isonzo district, after it had been bombed by the Italians.

MEETING OF TWO AMERICAN WIZARDS



Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, welcoming to California Thomas Edison, the wizard of electricity. The photograph was taken at Sacramento.

WORTH KNOWING

The Young Woman's Christian association has a world membership of 600,000.

According to exhaustive tests by two German scientists, one coat of paint or varnish protects iron from corrosion better than two or more coats.

The extermination of mosquitoes by bats has proved so successful that one Texas Clay has prohibited the killing of the animals.

"Jitneur" is the French-sounding word now being used to signify the driver of a jitney, and as "jitney" is said to be along originally from the back country of Louisiana, it may be quite appropriate.

On June 1 of this year the number of automobiles in the United States for the first time reached 2,000,000. Figuring on an average of four persons to each car, which is very conservative, there are 8,000,000 people in this country in daily enjoyment of motoring.

THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Nov. 8, 1914.

Allies gained plateau of Vregny. Germans continued attacks between North sea and Lys and made gains in Argonne.

Belgians gained at Dixmude and Ypres. Russian cavalry invaded Posen province and destroyed railroad near Pleschen.

Russians entered Wirballen. Przemysl again attacked. Russians took Koprikol in Armenia.

Two Dardanelles forts destroyed by bombardment.

Turks sank Greek steamer. Germany mourned loss of Tsingtau but praised bravery of garrison.

German cruiser Geier interned at Honolulu. Beyers' rebels defeated in South Africa.

Nov. 9, 1914.

Ypres set afire by German bombardment.

Fighting on the Aisne. Russians occupied Goldapp, Germans still withdrawing.

Germans won victory near Wysohnitz lake, taking 4,000 prisoners.

Serbia drove back Austrians near Shabatz.

Russians took Turkish fort near Erzerum and won at Koprikol on River Araxes.

Russians bombarded Bosphorus.

Nov. 10, 1914.

Allies advanced between Ypres and Armentieres and between Reims and Berry-au-Bac.

Russians drove German right wing back toward Mazurian lakes, and occupied Miechow.

Austrians defeated Serbians near Lositz.

All allies issued formal declaration of war on Turkey.

German cruiser Emden destroyed by Australian cruiser Sydney at Cocos Island.

Russian fleet sank four Turkish transports.

Karl H. Lody shot as spy in Tower of London.

Nov. 11, 1914.

Germans took Dixmude, crossed Yser canal, captured allies' first line west of Langemark and drove them out of St. Eloi.

Allies recaptured Lombaertzyde and repulsed Germans near coast.

Russians attacked Cracow defenses.

Austrians pursued Serbians on Shabatz-Losnitz line.

British torpedo boat Niger sunk by German submarine near Dover.

Japanese torpedo boat sunk by mine at Kiaochow.

Conspiracy discovered in Constantinople against Germans and Young Turks; leaders shot.

Nov. 12, 1914.

Both sides claimed successes in battle along the Yser.

Russians captured Johannesburg, East Prussia.

Siege of Przemysl resumed.

Austrians won a victory at Pruth.

Serbia routed Austrians who tried to cross Danube near Semandria.

Turkish cruiser Goeben crippled.

Mass meeting in London to support Kitchener's appeal for temperance.

Nov. 13, 1914.

Germans broke through British lines at Ypres.

Allies advanced on coast to Bixchoote.

Battle between aviators near Ypres.

Austrians evacuated central Galicia, Russians taking Tarnow, Jaslo and Krosno.

Germans faced about and advanced on Poland.

Bomb in Enver Bey's palace kills five German officers.

Two more Rockefeller foundation relief ships sailed.

His Opinion.

"Mamma, did you say the baby came from heaven?"

"Yes, why?"

"I don't think he came, I think he was fired. How could the angels sing with him puttin' up that holler all the time?"

An Impossible Experiment.

"Why don't you let the other fellow do the worrying?"

"I try to," replied Mr. Growcher. "But he comes around and worries me."

The Throwback.

"What have you to say?" asked the sheriff, just before the trap was sprung.

"Only this," said the man who was about to be hanged. "My parents are in no way to blame for my present plight. I was a eugenic baby."

No Doubt.

"I wonder if surgeons don't feel somewhat cheap when they have to be operated on themselves?"

"I dare say they do feel rather cut up about it."

IN A RAIN OF FIRE

Australian Tells of Landing on Gallipoli Peninsula.

Turkish Soldiers Tested the Metal of Colonial Troops Who Sought to Press Forward to the Sultan's Capital.

"A sea, smooth as a mirror, covered with a light mist," so relates an Australian, "and beyond great hills and faint outlines of battleships and transports, overhead a hydroplane lurking about the Turkish position, such was the spectacle presented to us on April 25, when we approached the Gallipoli peninsula. Our run was straight forward to the shore toward the foot of Gaba Tepe hill, but the destroyer, it must be understood, was unable to bring us close to the beach. There we lay in an open boat, looking at each other in a puzzled way, while bullets came whizzing past right and left and over us. At last the barges were advanced as much as possible. We quickly jumped into the water, almost to our armpits, and arrived, half swimming, half wading, at the shore. In former times I have often been inquisitive to know how it felt to be in a desperate position. Now I have found that out. I felt as if someone had delivered a terrible blow at my chest with the flat part of a spade.

"We passed the first aid stations, which already were overburdened with stretchers bearing wounded. Then came a toilsome, tiring climb over great sand dunes to the firing line. Snipers lay concealed everywhere in the rocks and bushes. In this way, surrounded by a thousand dangers, we reached the line of fire, where I was detached from my company for duty to ascertain the shooting ranges for an Australian regiment. Through the excellent telescope of my rangefinder I could observe the Turkish retreat and had even a tiny picture of a bayonet charge of our own men. Still came the wounded in seemingly unending streams; then our trench awoke to life. One of the sharpshooters seemed to have a grudge against the rangefinder, as two bullets struck the immediate breastworks; the man next to me suddenly reared up high and fell to my feet. 'At an end,' he cried, and then added, faintly hesitating, 'money in belt—wife and children—' The Turks had evidently got our range, then the situation became more and more uncomfortable, and those of us who were left had to shift our positions several hundred yards to the rear, until it was finally possible to silence this dangerous marksman.

"On the following afternoon I directed again my glass on this tragic group and saw that the sailor now lay on his back, his face pointing toward heaven. Without a doubt yesterday he was alive and may have been even now after 36 hours still living. And now it shot more violently through my being. In the midst of the group I observed a movement and saw plainly a man extricating himself and slowly hobbling along the bank. With four other I set out to rescue the unfortunate, who in the meantime had collapsed. We found yet four others living and heard from them that last night there had still been eight of them.

"To our right rattled a hostile machine gun like a motor cycle and came gradually nearer. A naval plane from its mothership, Ark Royal, anchored in the nearby bay, hovered over our heads encircled by white shrapnel cloudlets, coming from the Turks. Soon thereafter the flyer turned about and flew back to make a report. The effect of this was not long in waiting. It came in shape of a ship's shell, which with ear-benumbing screech flew

over our heads. Far from us rose a cloud of smoke and earth, gradually dispersing. Now the guns from the ships began in earnest. From the bay came an uninterrupted thundering, and the whizzing of the heavy projectiles, as a '6' battery fired one salvo after another. Brown smoke ascended from the hostile bulwarks and for a long time thereafter the hills trembled with the long-drawn-out thunder of the explosions.

"Now, cannon of the enemy began to reply, shrapnel burst over us, and the whistling of the flying bullets seemed to be all about us. For three hours lasted this violent cannonade. We were now solidly entrenched, however, with very heavy sacrifices. Behind us on the beach were brought up gradually supplies; horses and mules came to land, and the reserve ammunition steadily accumulated. Men carried water, munitions and oil for the machine guns to the firing line. On all paths moved the stretcher-bearers with their sad burdens and wounded patiently waited in small groups at the bandage stations. In the hot sun the surgeons worked like machines. Many wounds were beyond all help and a white cloth covered many a face. Although we were only six hours on land, three wireless stations shot up like mushrooms out of the earth, and their crackling sparks betrayed to the warships where to direct their projectiles. Incessantly new troops were unloaded, which immediately were chased to the firing line.

"With the beginning of darkness the bombardment subsided, but the Turkish shrapnel continued bursting over the beach and the wounded were therefore exposed to heavy shrapnel fire. Also, the nerve-detracting rifle fire would not cease. Of sleep no one could think and the digging of trenches had to be taken in hand at once, in order to fortify our position. To our left, distant about a half mile, a lonely boat rocked in the surf; with help of my glass I could determine its load. At least eight dead sat upright therein and near at the beach lay a further 20 men. A seaman, who could be identified by his white cap, lay there in a remarkable lifelike position, his chin supported by his hand.

Serbia's King Arthur.

The picture, "King Marko Returns to Head His People," on the Serbian flag day posters is based on one of the most popular of Serbian legends, the Pall Mall Gazette says. Marko, who ranks as the Serbian King Arthur, was the son of King Vukashin, whom he denounced for usurping the throne, which rightly belonged to Urosh, son of Dushan. Vukashin cursed him, and prayed that he might have neither tomb nor posterity, and be doomed to serve "the star of the Turks," but Urosh blessed him, and prayed that he might know no equal in wisdom or prowess, and be remembered as long as the earth endured.

"Thus they spoke, and thus it came to pass," says an old Serbian ballad. Marko fought for the sultan, but "the sultan feared him, for his wrath was terrible," and, though he knew no sepulture, he lived, says the legends, for 300 years. He still lives in the hearts of patriotic Serbians, many of whom believe that one day he will awake and come forth to restore the glories of the former empire.

Domestic Strategy.

"Father, you know a lot about battles and skirmishes. Did you ever execute a strategic retreat?"

"My son, doesn't the fact that after twenty years of married life I am still the nominal head of this family prove that I am some strategist?"

All Kinds.

"Well, we can expect cold weather most any time now."

"As far as that goes, we can expect any kind of weather any old time."

Lucius Moore says the reason a man is afraid of his wife is that he nearly always is guilty.

Stop That Backache!

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you wake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Missouri Case

Mrs. W. Toohay, 3043 Magazine St., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I was sick about for eighteen months with kidney trouble. For a year after, I walked on crutches and I looked like a physical wreck. When I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, I used them and they restored me to good health. I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Exposed to Temptation.

"I hope you will be happy, Mary," said the mistress to her maid, who was leaving to get married.

"Thank you, ma'am. My young man is very steady, considering his environment."

"What does he do?"

"He's a valet to a young millionaire, ma'am."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY

but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Little Tommy Was Financed.

Little Tommy passed for a very practical youth. The other day his Uncle John bought him, as a birthday present, a "word game," which Tommy had never played, and which did not seem to be particularly attractive to him.

Nevertheless, Tommy did not forget to thank his uncle, and by and by, edging around his chair, he asked:

"I say, Uncle John?"

"Well?"

"This game really belongs to me now, doesn't it?"

"Why, of course."

"To do just as I want with it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you for a shilling."

Too Much Ham to Be Hungry.

An English town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for lunch.

The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow officeholders felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last a rather illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch."

"And I am surprised," replied the mayor, "that a man who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth should want any lunch at all."

Not Even Enough for Wings.

May—No, George, it cannot be. I am not good enough to be your wife.

George—What nonsense, dear! You are an angel!

May—George, even an angel could not be happy with a man who had only "1,200 a year and feathers the price they are!"

Its Source.

"What is the cause of that noise which seems to be coming from the foreign warship?"

"Oh, that's nothing. Only another interned prisoner on parole breaking his word."

Curative Value In Food?

"Recalling that 90% of disease results from errors in diet, then foods properly prescribed by the physician can justly be said to have curative value."

—Dr. Henry B. Hollen, in *The Medical Standard*.

One of the errors in the diet of many people is the use of foods robbed of the vital mineral salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) which are absolutely necessary for proper balance of body, brain and nerves. The result is a long list of ills, including nervous prostration, kidney trouble, constipation, rickets in children, and so on.

Twenty years ago a whole wheat and barley food, containing all the nutriment of the grain, including the priceless mineral elements, was devised especially to correct errors in diet. That food is

Grape-Nuts

It fulfills its mission admirably.

Another physician says:

"Nearly half the year my breakfast consists of a dish of Grape-Nuts, one or two eggs, or fruit. I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS CONSTANTLY, and invariably with good results."

This wholesome food not only builds sturdy health and strength, but fortifies the system against disease. Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts